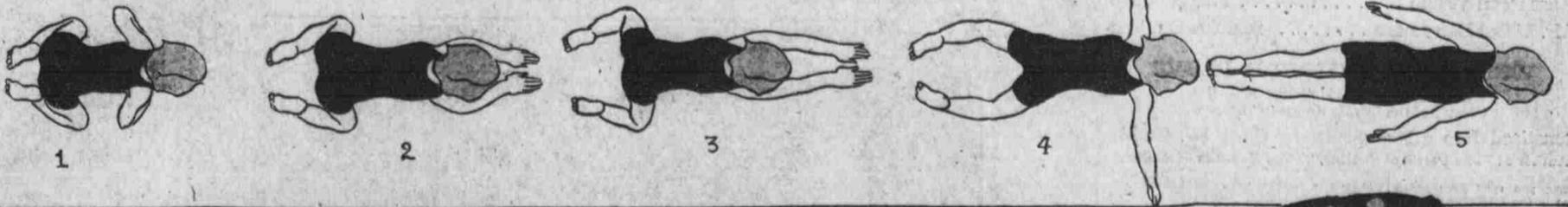


A Swimming Lesson FOR YOUR Babies BY THE Littlest Champion.



The Diagram Shows just how Little Catherine Brown Swims the Breast Stroke. Diagram 1 Shows the Beginning of the Stroke—the Hands Together at the Chin, Palms Turned Down, and the Knees Drawn up. Diagram 2 Shows the Second Movement—the Hands Are Shot Forward and the Feet Are Beginning to Move Back. Diagram 3 Shows the Completion of the

Forward Hand Movement, the Feet Still Moving Backward. Diagram 4 Shows the Completion of the Hand Movement, Each Hand Having Described a Semi-Circle and the Feet Having Been Kicked Out Sharply as Far Back as Possible. Diagram 5 Shows the Finish of the Stroke with the Legs Brought Together and Preparation for Starting the First Position Again.

Five Year Old Miss Catherine Brown Tells How Every Mother Can Teach Her Baby to Swim in the Bath-tub and on the Piano Stool.



The Baby Champion Executing a Dive.



Catherine Brown, 5 Years Old, the Youngest Expert Swimmer in the World, Showing How to Jump into the Water Like a Little Frog. On the Left She is Seen Taking a Dive.



Little Catherine Preparing for a Shallow Dive.

LITTLE Catherine Brown is undoubtedly the greatest swimmer of her age. She is only five years old, but she has made a name for herself as a swimmer and diver. Her skill and calm confidence in herself ought to put to shame other children and adults whose lives are constantly in jeopardy because they don't know how to swim.

In her naive way, little Catherine Brown declares that her father must be fooling when she says some grownups can't swim, because "swimming is just as easy as walking, and everybody can walk!"

Miss Brown is a daughter of Captain Alfred Brown, of College Point, L. I., a professional swimmer, who won the world's long-distance championship in 1907, and last year broke the record from the Battery to Coney Island, covering the distance in 4 hours 22 minutes.

Last January little Catherine Brown gave an exhibition of her diving prowess at the Sportsman's Show, New York. For this her father was hailed to court on the ground that the youngster's life had thus been endangered.

Despite the efforts of the Gerry Society, however, the Court refused to see any wrong in the exhibition the child had given, declaring that diving and swimming were the very best sports children could indulge in. The charge against Captain Brown was accordingly dismissed.

Here Catherine tells just how mothers ought to teach their babies to swim as soon as they are big enough to paddle around in a bathtub.

By Catherine Brown,
Baby Champion Swimmer.

I AM five years old. I like swimming and diving better than anything else.

Papa tells me that some people—grown-up people, too—can't swim at all, but I think he is only kidding me, because swimming is just as easy as walking, and everybody can walk.

No matter how deep the water is I am not afraid. Sometimes when Alfred, my brother, takes me out canoeing he tips the canoe over and we both fall in the water, but that's nothing! Falling in the water doesn't scare me at all, because all you've got to do is to swim around until the canoe is righted and then climb in. If you are near the shore you can easily swim in.

I don't remember when I first learned to swim. It must be ever so long ago—when I was a tiny baby. Papa always used to play with me in the bathtub. It was lots of fun. He used to fill the bathtub up right to the very top and then I used to get in.

The water used to go in my eyes and ears and nose and mouth and I didn't

like that very much, but papa said if I would float on top of the water the water would not bother me at all. All you've got to do is to lie perfectly still on your back, with your head almost under the water, and you stay right on top. It's just like lying in bed. It's lots of fun.

Then papa showed me how to swim. Of course, you can't swim very much in a bathtub, but papa showed me just how to move my hands and feet, and when I was only a little girl, two and a half years old, he showed me exactly how to swim without taking me into the water at all!

Papa used to give me swimming lessons in the parlor. It sounds funny, doesn't it, swimming in the parlor where there isn't any water? But that is what he did. What do you think we used for water? The piano-stool!

Yes, papa used to lay me on the piano-stool and then he would tell me just how to move my hands and legs—just as if I was in the water. And it seemed just like I was in the water, too, because sometimes the piano-stool would turn around

a bit and I would think I was really going through the water.

That was how I learned the breast-stroke. The breast-stroke is very easy and papa says it is the stroke everybody should know, because it doesn't make your arms or legs ache and you can keep it up ever so long. Of course, you can't go so fast when you are swimming the breast-stroke, but you can keep in the water longer that way. When brother turns over the canoe and we are a long way from shore all I've got to do is to use the breast-stroke and I can get in all right even if it takes an awful long while, because you never get tired swimming the breast-stroke.

When I was learning the breast-stroke on the piano-stool I would start with my arms and legs stretched out just as far as I could, my hands open, but not palm to palm, just the sides of the first finger of each hand being together. My toes were stretched out just as far as possible.

Then papa would say "One" and I would part my hands and make half a circle with each one so that at the end my hands would be at my chin in the same way as they were when they were stretched out. My legs would be drawn up at the same time by drawing up my knees so that they would nearly hit the legs of the piano-stool. I would not draw my knees up together, but just a little apart.

Then papa would say "Two" and I would shoot my hands forward again and, at the same time, kick out with my feet just as hard as I could—just as if I had shoes on them and wanted to kick them off. When I kicked out like that I would keep my feet very far apart, as if I wanted to kick one shoe off in one direction and the other off in another direction.

Then papa would say "Three" and I would bring my legs together again as they were at first.

I used to do this ten or twelve times a day for ever so long, and it made my arms nice and fat and I didn't get tired at all like I did when I first tried it.

Then when Summer came and papa used to go into the water he took me along and, of course, I wasn't afraid at

all, because papa can swim just like a fish and he took me out with him into the water. When he let go of me, of course, it seemed as if I would go down under the water, but then I remembered how I used to float in the bathtub and I tried that and it was very easy. It was even easier in the water than it was in the bathtub. Papa says it is because the sea is salt water and the bathtub is fresh water and it is easier to keep up in salt water.

Then papa made me do my swimming lesson in the water just as I had done it in the parlor, only, of course, there wasn't any piano-stool. But papa just put one hand under my chin and counted, "One," "Two," "Three" in just the same way, and before I knew it I was swimming all by myself.

I really think papa must be telling a fib when he says some grown-up people can't swim, because it is so easy.

Then when I could swim the breast-stroke papa taught me how to do the "dog paddle" and the "overhand" stroke. They are not very hard and you can go much faster, but they tire you more than the breast-stroke.

Diving is the greatest fun. Of course you've got to do it right or you get an awful pain in the stomach if your stomach hits the water. But after Alfred and papa showed me how to dive I wasn't afraid to

dive off anything, no matter how deep the water was.

This is how I dive when the water is shallow. I stand up perfectly straight with my hands at my sides, then I bend my legs a little and draw my arms back of my body and jump forward, getting my arms in front of my head as I near the water, with my legs and feet close together, and turning my hands upwards as soon as I am actually in the water. If you turn your hands down you go down, but if you turn your hands up you come up right away.

Papa says I will be a very good swimmer if I keep it up. He says I will be as good as he is, but I guess I won't.

When I gave a diving exhibition at the Sportsman's Show I wasn't at all afraid, because I knew I couldn't hurt myself. It was lots of fun, but some woman said I was too young and papa had to go before some judges about it, but they said it was all right and so I guess I can just go right ahead.

If you can't swim, of course, you might hurt yourself if you dive; but if you can swim and dive I guess you can't hurt yourself at all.

Any mamma or papa can take their baby as soon as it is big enough to paddle around in the tub and teach it to float and swim—just like me.

Queer Germ That Makes Bread Ropy

DR. GUY L. QUALLS, of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, has been making a scientific study of ropy bread, and has confirmed the announcement that it is due to the infection of bread with a disease germ called the bacillus mesentericus, or potato germ. This germ produces a definite malady in the dough, just as the typhoid bacillus does in men.

Often the yeast is the cause of infecting the dough in them. It has been found to grow with the yeast plant, and ordinary bread-making heat does not destroy it.

The entire bread supply of the Second Army Division was recently infected with the "ropy germ." The bread had been stored in tents to cool and dry. At first there was no change in it. After a day,

however, the loaves, when cut, gave forth an odor like unripe cantaloupes, and a few hours later, yellowish-brown spots with soft, sticky centres began to appear in them. After another day the loaves were actually almost liquid in the centre.

The cause of the trouble was finally located in the yeast and the fact that much of the flour used had been stored on Government transports, where it had become infected with the rope-bacilli.

All sorts of methods of killing germs, including lactic acid, fumigation with sulphur, formaldehyde gas and heat, were tried without success. A pint of a 10 per cent solution of vinegar to each hundred pounds of flour finally solved the problem, and the army's bread, although somewhat reduced in food value, was served.